Ford. Indeed ſhe is—

Miſ. Page. By your leaue ſir, I am ſicke till I ſee her.

Ford. Has *Page* any braines? Hath he any eies? Hath he any thinking? Sure they ſleepe, hee hath no vſe of them: why this boy will carrie a letter twentie mile as eaſie, as a Cañon will ſhoot point-blanke twelue ſcore: hee peeces out his wiues inclination, hee giues her folly motion and aduantage: and now ſhe's going to my wife, and *Falſtaffes* boy with her; A man may heare this ſhowre ſing in the winde; and *Falſtaffes* boy with her: good plots, they are laide, and our reuolted wiues ſhare damnation together. Well, I will take him, then torture my wife, plucke the borrowed vaile of modeſtie from the ſo-ſeeming Miſtris *Page*, divulge *Page* himſelfe for a ſecure and wilfull *Acteon*, and to theſe violent proceedings all my neighbors ſhall cry aime. The clocke giues me my Qu, and my aſſurance bids me ſearch, there I ſhall finde *Falſtaffe*: I ſhall be rather praiſd for this, then mock'd, for it is as poſſitiue, as the earth is firme, that *Falſtaffe* is there: I will go.

Shal. Page, &c. Well met Maſter *Ford.*

Ford. Truſt me, a good knotte; I haue good cheere at home, and I pray you all go with me.

Shal. I muſt excuſe my ſelfe Maſter *Ford.*

Slen. And ſo muſt I Sir,
We haue appointed to dine with Miſtris *Anne*,
And I would not breake with her for more mony
Then ile ſpeake of.

Shal. We haue linger'd about a match betweene *Anne Page*, and my cozen *Slender*, and this day wee ſhall haue our anſwer.

Slen. I hope I haue your good will Father *Page.*

Page. You haue Maſter *Slender*, I ſtand wholly for you, But my wife (Maſter Doctor) is for you altogether.

Caius. I be-gar, and de Maid is loue-a me: my nurſh-a-Quickly tell me ſo muſh.

Hoſt. What ſay you to young Maſter *Fenton?* He capers, he dances, he has eies of youth: he writes verſes, he ſpeakes holliday,

holliday, he ſmels April and May, he will carry't, carry't, 'tis in his buttons, he will carry't.

Page. Not by my conſent I promiſe you. The Ge is of no hauing, he kept companie with the wilde P *Pointz*: hee is of too high a Region, hee knows too no, hee ſhall not knit a knot in his fortunes, with th of my ſubſtance; if he takes her, let him take her ſim wealth I haue waits on my conſent, and my conſe not that way:

Ford. I beſeech you heartily, ſome of you goe ho me to dinner: beſides your cheere you ſhall haue will ſhew you a monſter; Maſter Doctor, you ſhall ſhall your Maſter *Page*, and you Sir *Hugh.*

Shal. Well, fare you well:
We ſhall haue the freer woing at Maſter *Pages.*

Cai. Go home *Iohn Rugby*, I come anon.

Hoſt. Farwell my hearts, I will to my honeſt *Falſtaffe*, and drinke Canarie with him.

Ford. I thinke I ſhall drinke in Pipe-wine firſt w ile make him dance. Will you go, Gentles?

All. Haue with you, to ſee this Monſter.

Scœna Tertia.

Enter Maſter Ford. Maſter Page, Seruants, Robin, Fa Ford, Page, Caius, Euans.

Miſ. Ford. What *Iohn*, what *Robert.*

M. Page. Quickly, quickly; Is the Buck-basket—

Miſ. Ford. I warrant. What *Robin* I ſay.

Miſ. Page. Come, come, come.

Mi. Ford. Heere, ſet it downe.

M. Page. Giue your men the charge, wee muſt b be ready here hard-by in the Brew-houſe, and wh dainly call you, come forth, and (without any pauſe gering) take this basket on your ſhoulders; th trudge with it in all haſt, and carry it among th